

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXIX, No. 9

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

May 2008

IN MY MOTHER'S EYES

By Colin MacLachlan

Photos from the author's collection

As a real little kid I took her for granted even when she did crazy things like running around the dinner table with Dad in hot pursuit, dead set on tickling her. She led him through the house at top speed then out the front door and around the house with the neighbors cheering her on and Dad laughing till he collapsed. She could run like a deer.

Growing up I discovered that she was the only one who never let me down, never showed me up. At four I first saw that she was a superior problem solver. When two little boys chased me home from kindergarten I flew into our house and hid in the folds of her skirt. Needless to say she wanted an explanation. "Those boys want to beat me up," I said. Her response was immediate. Taking me by the ear she led me into the front yard. "You beat them up," she commanded and, fearing her more than my classmates, I complied. In the aftermath I was turned over to my father for boxing lessons.

By seven I was pretty handy with my fists. This caused problems in our neighborhood that culminated in a delegation of mothers calling on my mother to complain. Mother was unsympathetic. "Teach your sons to fight." She said.

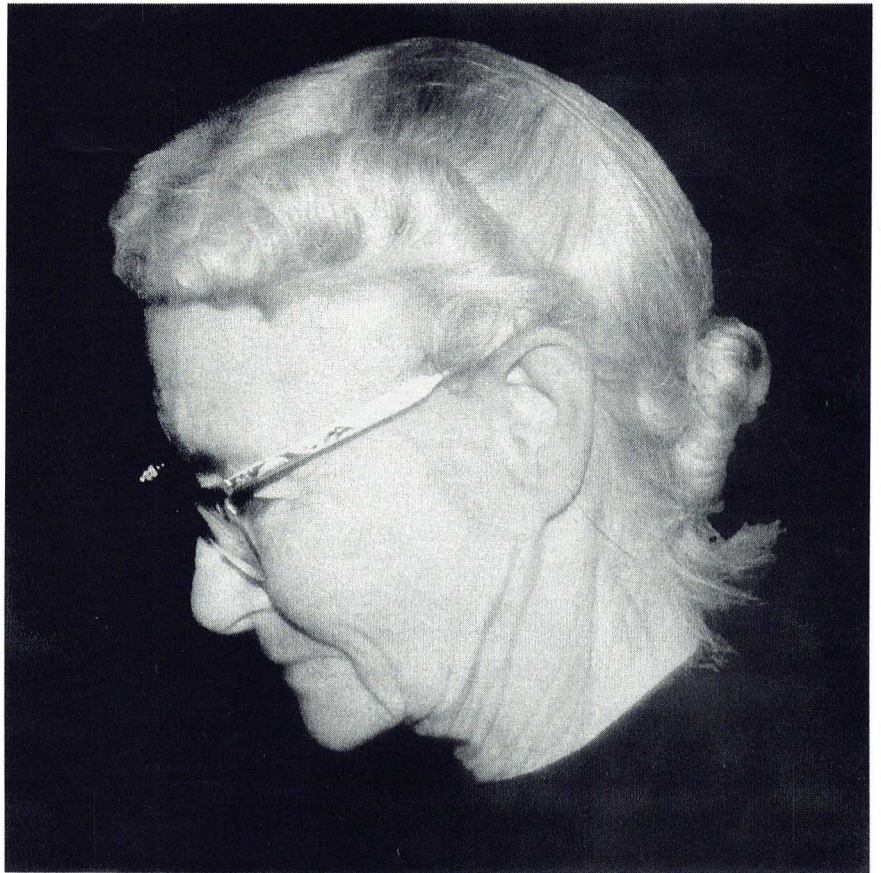
Uncle George liked to tell the story of the time the school bully picked on mother on her way home from school. Mother was 12, had freckles and wore her hair in pig tails. The bully pulled her pig tails. She told him to cut it out. The bully persisted, asking her what she was going to do about it.

"I'll have my brother Henry beat you up," she said.

"I know your brother Henry," the bully said. "He's a sissy." With that my mother put her books down, took off her glasses and started swinging. "I'm

not," she said.

When Mother turned seventy I wrote her a love note. It began: "Ladies and gentlemen I give you an American beauty who grows lovelier with each succeeding year, one for whom time's embroideries have enhanced the outward display of her inward beauties, while life's adversities have served to



refine a naturally spicy scent..." I digress. (In my mother's case this is easily done.)

Finally, I want to relate an incident from my Army days that was pure Mother. In the Spring of 1953 I was sent to Leadership School at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. The school featured a bone-crushing, body-building program that included a gut-wrenching series of sit-ups. One morning toward the

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**FRIENDS SCHOOL
OF BALTIMORE**

cordially invites you to enjoy
a special presentation of

THE APOLLOS

In a program of
Historical and Cultural
Vocal Music

Thursday, May 29, 2008
3:30 p.m.

The Lounge

Cecil Audette, Musical Director
Mathew Lane, Pianist

The Apollos is an auditioned chamber group of musically dedicated students in the 7th and 8th grades. These devoted students meet two to three mornings a week before the school day begins for rehearsals from 7:25 - 8:10 a.m.

IN MEMORIAM**Lorne Guild**

March 7, 1911 March 31, 2008

Helen S. Matthews

March 30, 1925 April 6, 2008

Julia Fuller

October 11, 1911 April 10, 2008

Eleanor Terry

July 29, 1912 April 18, 2008

CONSERVATION*By Bob Morrison*

We all know that saving electricity is one of the few ways that we, as individuals, can have a direct effect on global warming. Most power plants that produce electricity emit the pollutants that cause global warming. Here is a simple way of reducing your use of electricity with no additional cost or effort. Merely substitute cold water laundry detergent for whatever you are now using and use only cold water in the washing machine. It takes a lot of electricity to heat water so if all of us switch from the hot or warm setting to cold, the saving will be significant. I have done this for the past several months and see no difference in the appearance of the clothes. Proctor & Gambles' "TIDE, Cold Water, is specifically formulated for use with cold water and is available at your local grocery store. So make a switch that will help in the fight against global warming. Your grandchildren will be glad you did.

**MOVING AROUND
BROADMEAD**

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Elizabeth Winternitz	J-2	TH-307
Richard & Frances Alden	K-11	N-7

**VOLUNTEER APPRECIATION
RECEPTION
TUESDAY – JUNE 3rd.**

Broadmead's annual Volunteer Appreciation Reception will be held Tuesday, June 3rd, from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m., in the Main Lounge/Auditorium. All Residents, Volunteers, & Staff are invited to enjoy fellowship, refreshments, and the classical piano of Esfir Shumyatskaya as we honor the wonderful service of our volunteers. If you have any questions, please contact:

Whitney Leber, Health Care Volunteer Coordinator
410-527-1900x3991

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end of the course I was doing the 60 sit-ups prescribed within a two-minute time frame. Midway through the drill I felt my gut tightening. I quit. A training officer saw me quit and called on me to resume the exercise. I did and felt something pop in my gut.

Subsequently, I was operated on for an inguinal hernia and sent home to convalesce. Mother, immediately upon my arrival at home, wanted to know how I had acquired the six inch cut in my belly. I explained about my doing sit-ups, adding however, that she need not be concerned. "The doctor said the condition was congenital," I explained, "What do you mean congenital," mother asked. "He said I was born with it," I said. Mother's reaction was immediate, her pronouncement terminal.

"Nonsense," she said, "You were perfect!"



THE HEROES OF BROADMEAD

Age related macular degeneration (AMD) is an eye disease that is becoming too familiar to many of us. Did you say you have a friend that has this? Or a sister? Or a brother? Or maybe one of your parents had it, or maybe, God forbid, you have it.

As this generation ages, more and more people will be affected with this late-onset eye disease that has the potential to rob precious vision, which enables us to live freely and independently as we pursue long-delayed activities. But thankfully, Broadmead residents are trying to put a stop to this disease. Partnering with the Wilmer Eye Institute, many caring and concerned individuals that do not have AMD, recently participated in a research study that may one day uncover the mysteries and complexities of this genetic eye disease. They generously gave of their time and their blood so that the scientists at Johns Hopkins could study their DNA. It is thought that seniors with healthy eyes will have a genetic makeup different from seniors suffering from age related macular degeneration. It may be that these differences hold the key for turning off the biological switches that can start the disease process. We received an overwhelming response from Broadmead. Fifty residents joined our search for answers, not only for their friends, family and neighbors, but for generations to come. Their unselfish efforts will hopefully prevent macular degeneration from robbing our children's and grandchildren's vision as they come into their retirement year. They are true modern heroes whose impact will be felt by many people in the years to come.

Our many, many thanks go out to all who participated in this study and to the Broadmead administration for coordinating this effort.

If you missed this opportunity to participate, and would like to learn more, please call me at 410-614-6209.

Thank you all for making our research possible.

Betsy Campochiaro,

RN, MSN Coordinator, Wilmer Macular Degeneration Center Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions

HOUSING IS FUNDAMENTAL

By: Kitty Stierhoff

Michael Sarbanes, former Executive Director of the Citizens Planning and Housing Association (CPHA) spoke to the Open Forum on March 20th. His topic was "Left Out in the Cold: Rethinking Housing Choices for All Families". First, Michael pointed out why housing matters so much. Housing is a necessity and fundamental to the quality of life. For most families it is their primary source of wealth and primary expense. It is the major determinate of a family's potential, including education. Michael sees us now in a period of change and we must prepare for the change by looking forward and learning from the past.

First he looked backward to what he called the Suburban Frontier starting around 1940. This was characterized by cheap green land becoming available for development. In order to get to these developments, access was needed to transportation, so new roads were built. Then it was necessary to invest in new infrastructure, new schools, new sewer and water lines. New financing was also put in place. When buying a house it was necessary to put 1/3 down and FHA Mortgages and Federal Insurance Mortgages helped to open that up. Many people could now afford a home. However, this was not for everyone. Mortgage policy was specific about where good and bad risks were made. The policy in the '40s stated that the "areas surrounding a location were to be investigated to see if incompatible racial and social groups were present for the purpose of making a prediction regarding the possibility of the neighborhood being invaded by such groups. To remain stable the neighborhood should retain the same social and racial classes". That was the premise under which the money went into this new frontier. There was an entire group of people for whom this frontier was not opened. Over time white homeowners were able to increase their wealth from their homes, which then was handed down to their children. This didn't happen to the non-white population. When their homes transferred hands there was debt. Local zoning and transportation were also deterrents to who could buy a home. The other thing that started some sixty years ago was the intentional concentration of extremely low income, deeply subsidized housing

Michael showed us a map showing today's

areas of opportunity (schools, jobs, transportation, crime rate, etc.) It marked the areas in the region with lots of possibilities for fast job growth. Other older suburban areas were marked as struggling and then there were the very low areas marked by a lack of good schools. This shows a region that won't be able to compete very well globally - too many people are not being pulled into the main stream and we're losing great potential. Housing policy has a great deal to do with this. Where there are large concentrations of low-income families, the children don't do as well and there are many problems in the schools. However, it has been shown that where there is mixed income housing, those low income children do just as well in school as the more well-to-do students.

In talking about housing you must talk about race. As whites moved out to the suburbs, the city had a large concentration of blacks. Then the blacks started to move out and the whites, rather than staying and working out problems, moved to the outer suburbs. This is now the end of the frontier - there is no place else to go. We need a plan to make things work. To change things we must change the map and have a whole region that is inclusionary. We need to break down the separation of people by income and neighborhoods and create neighborhoods where everybody can access high quality services. Michael feels there are policies that could be used to accomplish this, including zoning and how you in-

DEDICATED TO RUTH WILLIAMS

By Lucille Brandt

Her poems are tall and skinny,
While mine are short and fat,
But both are loved by everyone.
Now what do you think of that?

Her poems are universal,
While mine are close to home,
For I am just a stick in the mud,
While she the earth does roam.

But we'll continue writing,
Each in our favorite style,
As long as we are successful
In making our readers smile.

AN OVERSEAS ADVENTURE

By Cynthia Ballard

Last winter when I visited my Singapore-based daughter and her family, we took a sightseeing trip to Vietnam. Tourism is big there as this Communist country struggles to rise above its Third World status. Already there are some tall modern hotels and evidence of gradually improving infrastructure. A fine new toll road had been built by a German company and a beautiful toll bridge by some Japanese. The foreigners put up the front money and collect the tolls until they've been repaid and then Vietnam ends up with the facility.

We drove 2 hours north of Hanoi to Ha Long Bay, which is dotted with many dome-shaped islands concealing limestone caves inside. 400 small boats a day take tourists cruising among them out in the bay. We stopped at one of the bigger islands and walked through its extensive caverns full of stalagmite formations.

On the sides of the narrow roads back to Hanoi we could see people up to their ankles in water transplanting rice. Whatever buildings had started out as white were now gray from the pollution caused by burning coal. Motor scooters carrying one or two people were the usual means of transportation. Traffic lights were rare. Traffic in Hanoi was heavy. In order to cross the street to reach Ho Chi Minh's mausoleum, we just stepped boldly out into the traffic (right behind our guide) and the vehicles parted to ride around us. Miraculously safe on the other side, we stood in the enormous parade ground and watched the stiff-legged march of the soldiers changing the guard.

At that point I began feeling an unaccustomed pain across my chest but we continued with Tuesday afternoon's agenda. My appetite was gone by supertime and I was relieved to return to the hotel and lie down. At 8 p.m. Holly insisted on calling the hotel desk for a doctor. After she finished poking around I had a BAD pain in my right abdomen. "You must come to our clinic, Ma'm, where we have better diagnostic tools." So off we went in an ambulance over Hanoi's bumpy roads to the clinic run by an organization called International SOS. There they administered an ultrasound and gave me pills which unfortunately did not begin to touch the pain. Ultrasound results: "You have a very enlarged gall bladder which needs to be removed. There is no hospital in Hanoi which can do the procedure the way it

needs to be done. We recommend that you fly to Bangkok or to Singapore." We chose Singapore, naturally. So I spent the night in the clinic while the Int'l SOS staff made all the arrangements for our flight the next afternoon.

Around twelve-thirty Holly, Steve and I traveled again by ambulance over Hanoi's bumpy roads to the airport. We were accompanied by Dr. Henri, a French doctor working for Int'l SOS, who sat beside me in Business Class and ministered to me: morphine, barf bag and supportive comfort. Holly and Steve sat in Economy Class.

By 7 p.m. we'd landed and transferred to an ambulance which carried us over Singapore's much smoother roads to Gleneagles Hospital. Holly knew it well because two of her children had been born there. Dr. Henri turned me and the fat packet of documents from Int'l SOS over to a surgeon at Gleneagles. After studying all the papers, Dr. Ngoi ordered a CT scan, thinking that perhaps I had some gallstones which hadn't shown up on the ultrasound. CT scan results: no gallstones. "Well", said Dr. Ngoi, "I'll meet you in surgery at 9:15."

Ever mindful of Broadmead, I had Holly phone Ana Straw, calling her out of the morning report meeting and saying that I was about to have my gall bladder removed. By 10:15 my operation was over. Dr. Ngoi told Holly that everything had gone well, my gall bladder had twisted on its stem cutting off the blood supply, he had used laparoscopic surgery to remove the gangrenous thing and that I'd be awake in about half an hour if she wanted to wait and talk to me. Holly allowed as how she'd been up most of the night before with me so she thought she and Steve would just go home and come see me the next morning. Once at her house, though, she did call OPD and left a message for Ana that all was well.

Thursday morning I felt FINE and asked Dr. Ngoi when I would be discharged. "Maybe next Tuesday", he said. (Insurance does not dictate hospital stays in Singapore.)

"But I'm supposed to fly home next Tuesday." "Oh, all right then, Monday."

I said, "That's not convenient because Holly and Steve have to go to work." At last he agreed to a Saturday discharge, after making an appointment at his office for a final check-up on Monday morning.

My last three days in Singapore were restful - just packing and copying papers to submit to my supplemental insurance plan after I got home. The plane

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seat beside me was empty on Tuesday's Singapore Airlines non-stop flight to Newark so those 19 hours were also restful.

Back at Broadmead, Ana Straw checked me over and pronounced the procedure and my recovery first class. A phone call to AARP confirmed that although Medicare pays for nothing out of the country, my Medigap Plan C, after an annual \$250 deductible, covers 80% of foreign emergency care. International SOS had marked all its papers just so - "urgent scan", "emergency evacuation" etc. They are obviously used to handling cases of foreign patients in extreme situations. So I sent off a bulging envelope with a cover letter which described my saga plus many supporting documents, including credit card receipts and statements which converted the foreign charges into U.S. dollars.

Friends back at Broadmead asked if I'd been scared. I really wasn't because everyone taking care of me knew just what needed to be done, went ahead, and did it in a most orderly and professional manner.

Yesterday the check from AARP arrived so you know that I survived my overseas adventure just fine.

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD -- HERE COMES CULTURAL PROGRESS

By Sally Bloomer

There goes the neighborhood. I was a part of it for fifty years, since I was twenty and came here with Joe. Our children grew up playing with all the kids on the block. Joe said he would leave his house only if he went feet first. One morning I found him lying on the floor right by the front door. The morning paper was clenched in his hand unopened. Well, he got his wish. There goes the neighborhood for Joe.

Now it was my turn. But I was not so lucky. No feet first for me. I could not get out of the bathtub one morning. I stayed in the tub for eight hours before my daughter, Myra, decided since I didn't answer the phone, I must need attending to. Better she had left me to die, I thought.

I pleaded with Myra to let me stay in my beloved neighborhood. But here I am in a new neighborhood. There is little space between me and my neighbors. I can hear their heels clicking as they

walk by, or hear their chatter as they stop to visit right outside my door. Fortunately the voices through the wall aren't so bad because the neighbors are old -- older and quieter than in my former neighborhood. I did not share walls with them as I do here.

A well known archeologist, Jared Diamond in a new book, *Collapse: How Societies Succeed or Fail*, speculates that people who live close together share ideas, which accelerates invention and advances their culture at a faster rate than people in areas of low population where there is a hunter/gatherer-life society. If I apply this to my new life, I should welcome these crowded living conditions. Goodbye to the old neighborhood, hello to the new. New neighbors, new ideas, new activities which may accelerate invention and advance my personal culture. "Off with the old, on with the new," I keep repeating to myself. Perhaps it is a challenge that will contribute to a longer life. I'm trying. I have no choice, thanks to my daughter.

Imagine these new culture-stimulating activities: within a short walk of my own front door I can go to lunch with my neighbors and be entertained by a style -- excuse me -- fashion show with living, breathing models. Not just an ordinary lunch with old friends of fifty years. But a lunch and fashion show with many people, some complete strangers. Or how about another short walk from my front door to hear a lecture on The Future of Space Exploration and Astronomy? There's more! A swim in a glass roofed pool which on sunny days is almost like swimming outside. In the old neighborhood I was satisfied with one volunteer activity and gardening in my own secluded back yard. Now there are opportunities galore: pouring water, arranging flowers, cleaning eye glasses, answering the telephone, escorting visitors, discussing books, watching movies, going to the theater or attending vespers. As for the gardening -- no more secluded backyard.

Six months later -- never mind the secluded backyard. I now enjoy gardening with my neighbors in our own individual plots. We share secrets -- gardening and otherwise -- as we dig, weed, and water together. I have learned to enjoy the sound of clicking heels and voices right outside my door. There is always someone to visit with now. Lectures, movies, a library a short walk away, as well as an art studio and exercise room, have given me a new lease on life! I have a hard time choosing! No more eating alone! Jared Diamond was right -- people who live close together share ideas and advance our culture. Perhaps they also prolong the point of no return!

CLUSTER W PREPARATION

By Carolyn T. Underwood

A small square of grass
With a little flag on a pole,
a few feet above
Where the non-steam shovels have dug.
The supervisor often measures
its height,
so he can tell the diggers
When to stop.

What some used to call "Cattail Gulch"
Will become swamp land (or lake?)
With who knows What will be growing there.
Anyhow, it Will purify the water
That trickles or pours into Western Run.

Cluster W - I wonder Who will live there,
Where they will come from,
Whether they will appreciate
all the Work and Workmen
Who built it for them?

Tell me what the White road is made of,
crushed rock or oyster shells?
And colors our cars white or gray.

They Who work in the "big dig"
slog through mud, installing pipes
And Who knows what all.
But, hurray, they saved a tall tree from destruction!

The Workmen know what they do.
The miraculous know-how of the non-steam
shoveler
Who balances his weighty tool sideways
on a steep slope
uses the shovel with its long arm
as a crutch to keep him upright.
Amazing!

One of the dump-truck drivers, with a long white
beard,
Who hauls a load of dirt from one place to
another,
Knows exactly where to dump it
and how to get the very last spoonful
dumped.

Workmen, we salute you,
as will all those future residents of
brand new Cluster W.

THE LIAR

By Sibylle Ehrlich

I am a liar. Yes, I confess it unashamedly.

The phone rings. "Yes. I am the lady of the house." (I cringe.) "Storm windows? Oh, I am so sorry. My baby is in the bathtub. I can't stay on the phone." The phone rings. "A firehouse raffle?. I am so sorry. A raffle is gambling; and my religion forbids gambling." "You want me to collect in my block for the organization of left-handed children? I'll have to ask my husband, because he doesn't want me to go out alone."

In college,. "Of course, I type." (Of course, I didn't really.) "I'll be glad to type your manuscript." That was before computers, before backspacing with delete, before correction fluid and white-out. Oh, did I type slowly! It took me three times longer than it should have; but I earned money. I bluffed my way through two summer jobs. Whenever the supervisor came around, I had my hands placed correctly on the keyboard and looked intently at the document I was supposed to copy.

In France, in Graduate School, for the oral exam for contemporary French Literature, I was supposed to have read a long list of French novels. I had, of course, not read all. No one in the course had. I was asked questions about a trilogy. I had read volumes 1 and 3. Did I admit that I had not read the middle volume? Of course not, I had merely glanced at it, (300 pages of glancing.) "We saw that in volume 1 the hero had... blah-blah- blah." I had a coughing spell in volume 2, and blithely described what had happened in the third volume. That was an embarrassing one.

Some years later came the calls which I described earlier. I found that as I got older I had less need to lie. Perhaps, I was more secure with myself. Perhaps I didn't want my children to catch me. There was an occasional, "I am so sorry that I can't come to your cocktail party. I am coming down with a cold." Or "I have a previous engagement." And at Broadmead? Not yet, perhaps, never. It is not necessary to lie or bluff here. What a relief!

Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a king from history: Spades-King David,
Hearts- Charlemagne,
Clubs-Alexander The Great,
Diamonds-Julius Caesar

LATE BLOOMERS

By Mary Frances Wagley

Children who do not achieve at their expected level early in their school careers, but who finally catch on and take off are referred to as "late bloomers." Parents and teachers, thankful for this turnaround, appreciate and acclaim late bloomers. So it is perhaps with trees. The ornamental fruit trees dazzle us with their display of blossoms during the month of April, but the trees that flower later may be especially deserving of our attention.

One such tree is the Royal Paulownia or Princess Tree, *Paulownia tomentosa*. There are two of these trees on the bank opposite the parking lot of Cluster M and there is another opposite the K parking lot. They flower before their leaves come out, approximately the first week in May. The violet flowers are borne in large, pyramidal panicles. If you inspect the individual flowers which drop on the Perimeter Rd. you will note that they look rather like a foxglove flower. The fruits which follow are numerous and a large tree is said to produce 20 million seeds in a year. Where there is a Paulownia there will be seedlings nearby although the seeds need a bit of bare ground to germinate. These seedlings look like sunflowers--a straight stalk with large leaves growing out of it. Look for them in the fall.

The Paulownia is a native of China. Some references say it was introduced in 1834 for cultivation. Another story is that the seed pods were used as packing material (before the days of polystyrene peanuts) and the seeds got here accidentally. While the tree has its moment of glory in May, it otherwise gets mixed reviews. The state of Connecticut has listed it as invasive, but the Japanese prize its wood and in other states it is grown and the logs exported to Japan. In still other states it is used to revegetate the tailings of strip mines. Ours are here just for us to notice and enjoy.

Another late bloomer is the American Yellowwood, *Cladrastis kentukea*, on the meadow of Clusters H and K. It is close to the Perimeter Rd. and can be recognized by the branches which come off the trunk close to the ground, and its smooth, gray bark which reminds one of the American Beech. The Yellowwood is known as a "shy bloomer" as it never blooms in two successive years. It did not bloom last year so we may be fortunate to

see the white, pendant panicles this year in late May or early June. Even if it disappoints us, it is still a handsome tree and an indigenous one. In addition it is leguminous, i.e. its roots support nitrogen fixing bacteria so that it is improving the fertility of the surrounding soil. This may help the little Persian Ironwood, *Parrotia persica*, which grows nearby. This is one of the last trees Jean Mitchell planted for us when she was at Broadmead.

NO FORCING NO THWARTING FORSYTHIA

By Sally Bloomer

Response to

"Forcing Forsythia" by Susan Baker

Forcing Forsythia
Never, I agree

Thwarting Forsythia?
Is equally bad
At the hands of untrained trimmers
The blossoms are baffled

Never in winter or early spring
Then you frustrate, defeat
To trim is to encourage blossoms
If done in the summer or fall

Then "a cascade of stars"
will blossom forth
On graceful branches warmed by the sun
Not short almost naked branches sticking up
Because winter trimming thwarted new growth

Untrained trimmers, Be gone!
From the forsythia
along the lower level wall!

BUT WHERE'S THE CEMETERY?

By John & Ann Michener

As we pulled away from the curb in front of the Cathedral of St. Joseph in downtown Hartford, Connecticut, on a bright and cheery Monday morning in 1975, I glanced in the rear-view mirror and saw, to my surprise and horror, that a large number of cars were following us.

Ann and I were active in National Neighbors, a national federation of integrated neighborhoods. We received word that Frank Costello, in his early 30's and the husband of Shelley Costello, had died of a heart attack after his customary early morning jog and that a Requiem Mass for him would be at the Cathedral in Hartford on April 17. Being good friends of both Frank and Shelley, and serving on the NN board with Shelley, Ann and I drove from Baltimore up to Hartford for the service.

We parked our Checker car at the end of the funeral procession line in front of the Cathedral and went inside. A number of NN friends from across the country had flown in and were already there. Knowing that we always drove and that our Checker could seat nine, they asked if they could ride to the cemetery with us after the service. In a few minutes all of our seats were committed.

The service for Frank was beautiful, particularly a lovely soprano solo that reverberated from the Cathedral's vaulted ceiling.

Once the service ended all of those going with us got into our car and we were soon engaged catching up on what we had all been doing since our last board meeting. To partake in the conversation I turned around as far as I could while keeping the car immediately in front of us in the corner of my eye. When that car had not moved for what seemed an inordinately long period I turned to the front to see what might be causing the delay. It was a shock to see that the car in front of us was empty and there no longer were *ANY* cars parked beyond it. The funeral procession had departed an unknown amount of time earlier and was nowhere in sight! The cars behind us apparently had not noticed either. In any case, they were now following us.

But what to do? I quickly asked if anybody in the car knew where the cemetery was, its name, or how to get there. None did. But then someone ventured they had overheard a remark that the cemetery

was on this same street but several miles toward the edge of town. So I slowly followed the street, Fan-nington Avenue, asking everyone to be on the lookout for a cemetery or a cemetery sign. A long three plus miles later, that seemed like forever, there was a shout that a sign for Fairview Cemetery was at the next intersection, with an arrow pointed up Pleasant Street.

We turned and two blocks later came to the cemetery. On entering, I picked a drive at random and after following it a short distance we could see a tent and people gathering for an interment. Hallelujah! It was the Costello group! .

The folks who followed us never knew how lucky they were. They could have ended up in Boston!

ENDANGERED SANCTUARY

By Ann Allen B. Dandy

While trying to keep a deaf ear toward the grinding roar of Caterpillar equipment, I concentrated on the peaceful flow of the Western Run. A Brown Creeper appeared and moved in its solitary pattern up the bark. Close by were a Ruby Crowned and a Golden Crowned Kinglet.

Cellandine and daffodils provided bright shades of yellow. Very red Cardinals chirped "cheer-cheer." A Kingfisher's clattering rattle was heard from the distance. A pair of Pileated Woodpeckers flew over displaying their red crest and white wing patch. A flock of Cedar Waxwings were devouring berries in holly bushes.

I was saddened to see the parched marsh, where this time last year the Peepers were singing in harmony. The eggs will not hatch in the arid soil this spring.

"What's your name?" I asked a young employee, as he disembarked from his cart. "Steve," he responded with a genuine smile, while eyeing my binoculars. "Last year I watched a Bald Eagle flying low and adjusting to the contours of the stream," he announced. Pointing up toward the Hill Trail he added, "That's where I watch the flights of two Pileated Woodpeckers."

"Do you suppose this small habitat and sanctuary will survive the encroaching buildings?" I inquired. "Oh sure," he answered with enthusiasm, "it will all be here after the construction is complete." Let's hope Steve's optimism proves to be correct.

25 RULES OF CONSIDERATE CONDUCT

Submitted by Sonia Blumenthal

"The Twenty-Five Rules of Considerate Conduct," by Piero Massimo Forni. His rules begin with "Pay attention". Mr. Forni is the co-founder of the Johns Hopkins Civility Project and a professor of Italian Literature.

1. Pay Attention
2. Acknowledge others.
3. Think the best.
4. Listen.
5. Be inclusive.
6. Speak kindly.
7. Don't speak ill.
8. Accept and give praise.
9. Respect even a subtle "No".
10. Respect others' opinions.
11. Mind your body.
12. Be agreeable.
13. Keep it down (and rediscover silence).
14. Respect other people's time.
15. Respect other people's space.
16. Apologize earnestly.
17. Assert yourself.
18. Avoid personal questions.
19. Care for your guests.
20. Be a considerate guest.
21. Think twice before asking for favors.
22. Refrain from idle complaints.
23. Accept and give constructive criticism.
24. Respect the environment and be gentle to animals.
25. Don't shift responsibility and blame.

THE LONGEST WALK 2

Submitted by Elizabeth Koopman

The Longest Walk 2 is a spiritual walk for the environment, a commemorative walk to bring attention to the environment "One Mile at a Time". The Walk began February 11, 2008 on Alcatraz Island and will end in Washington D.C. July 11, 2008. It will be passing near Broadmead (on 1-83 or perhaps York Road) on July 5, 6, or 7 en route to Washington D.C.

Organized and led by American Indian Movement co-founder Dennis J. Banks, the Walk is an extraordinary grassroots effort on a national level to bring attention to the environmental disharmony of Mother Earth. The Walk is creating awareness about the environment, about the protection of sacred sites and about the need to effect positive, peaceful change in the world.

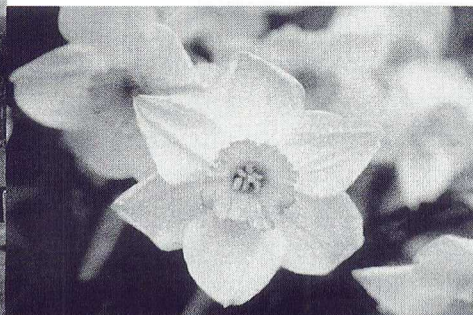
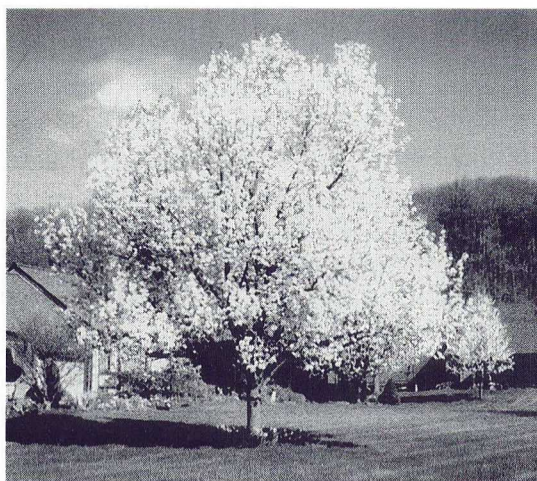
Walkers participate in the "Clean up Mother Earth Campaign" by collecting debris found along the Longest Walk Route. A rotating team of walkers are picking up trash along the way with trash pokers, leaving a healthy trail in their path. This monumental task continues to engage multiple phases of walkers from many cultures and nations in a global witness at grassroots levels to promote harmony with our delicate environment and with all persons. Elders, families, children, people of all races and many nations, and from many walks of life are joining together.

We are cleaning up Mother Earth mile by mile, village to village, city to city, state to state and shore to shore from Alcatraz Island to Washington, D.C. We walk with the message: "All Life is Sacred!"

Local persons are planning to join the walk as the Longest Walk comes through our area, to assist in funding for food, supplies, and medical assistance, and to provide direct service to the Walkers.

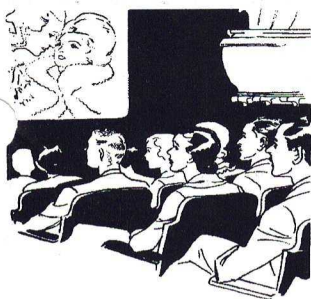
For more information: www.longestwalk.org or Dennis Banks at 218-654-5885

*Spring
Has
Spring*



Photos by

Lehman Guyton



BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Gretel & Leo Weiss

May 13 **ENCHANTED**
2007 90 minutes PG
Princess Giselle lives in a cartoon kingdom but is exiled to the cruel real world of New York City. Fortunately, a divorce lawyer (Patrick Dempsey) helps her cope. An interesting combination of animation and the real world.

May 20 **CHARLIE WILSON'S WAR**
2007 97 minutes R
Texas Congressman (Tom Hanks) sets a series of events in motion when he conspires with a rogue CIA operative to aid Afghans in their fight against the Soviet Red Army. A fact-based political thriller.

May 27 **STARTING OUT IN THE EVENING**
2007 111 minutes PG 13
Aiming to revive the faded career of a failing author (Frank Langella), an enterprising graduate student, makes his novels the topic of her masters thesis. She raises his hopes of a literary comeback. Langella's performance is outstanding.

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

By *Susanne Schlenger*

In the auditorium

May 3rd, 5:00 - 6:30 p.m.
Kentucky Derby Party

May 10th, 7:00 p.m.
**Sherlock Holmes
Lovers Club**
with John Pforr

May 17th, 5:00 - 6:30 p.m.
The Preakness Race Party

May 24th, 7:00 p.m.
Frida Kahlo
Her art and persona
by Coleen Webster

May 31st, 7:00 p.m.
**Maryland Voices
of the Civil War**
The author, Charles Mitchell, lectures
on our border state in the
Civil War

OPEN FORUM

By *Sonia Blumenthal*

Friday, May 2nd

**"HUMAN TRAFFICKING AND
WORK EXPLOITATION"**

Joy Zarembka.

Author of

"The Pigmentation of Your Imagination"

Currently: Executive Director

"Break the Chains Campaign"

☆ Recipient "Young Woman of Achievement"

Award 2002

Friday, May 16th

"GETTING THE LAST WORD:

**HOW TO WRITE
YOUR OWN OBITUARY"**
Frederick M. Rasmussen

The Baltimore Sun

Obituary Reporter

*

In the Auditorium 7:00 p.m.

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday
May 1st at 7:00 p.m.

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

*

Sunday
May 4th at 2:00 p.m.
THE OPERETTA TRIO

Male and Female
Singers and piano

Featuring well-known operetta works

T.V. OPERA

By Harry Blumenthal

Friday, May 9th,
7 p.m.,
Fireplace Room

"TANNHAUSER"

ACTS 1 & 2

Opera by Richard Wagner
Metropolitan Opera

LET'S DANCE

By Ted Wilson

With the
George Hipp Trio

Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music

Monday, May 12th
at 7:00 p.m.
In the Lounge



The first novel ever written on a typewriter:
Tom Sawyer

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 a.m.

EPISCOPAL COMMUNION

Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor

Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal Church
York Road, Cockeysville

2nd Wednesday every month at 10:00 a.m.

CATHOLIC MASS

Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor

Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road Hunt Valley

3rd Wednesday every month at 10:30 a.m.

PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION

Stony Run Activities Room - 3rd floor

Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church
Ashland Road, Cockeysville

FRIENDS MEETING FOR WORSHIP

Sundays at 11:00 a.m.
Stony Run Board Room

VESPERS

By Randy McKechnie

May 18th at 4:30 p.m.
In the lounge

The Reverend Gaut
Maryland Presbyterian Church
Towson, Maryland

HITHER, THITHER AND YAWN..

It's me; ole Foxy Georgia!!

Gee whilikers!.. that prissy Alexis Winslow really checked you- all out last month.. If you did all the things she said, you must be plum wore out... While she was waltzing round, behaving herself, spring arrived, so new gal, Virginia Schurman, got all worked up about her jasmine tree/bush. Betsy and Harry Butcher, lucky folk, have a fab one in full bloom, ..while Marvin Soloman's got 2 in his back yard and never said a word. Always thought forsythia was the first to pop out... never ought to learn anything new on a Friday.. (you'll get another wrinkle.)

Been a lot of movin' around. Millie Boynton is thrilled with her new digs in Stony Run and Don Smyth is getting a new hangout but the greatest of all is the Alden's move.. Word has it their intrepid moving men hauled that lovely antique furniture up the hill on their backs? That's movin' the hard way!! ..n'other kind of move... to Florida and back-looking super.. Lolly Burton, Bob Davies., Bob Morrison, Liz Jackson, Sally Bloomer.. Fran Beasley, (our cherished editor) to Hilton Head, Ruth Williams around Cape Horn, Mary Frances Wagley to the Panama Canal and Costa Rica, and Gail Rinehart, Vera Carnes to the ladies dressing room when the Colony Shop came to us while Priss Stieff and Betsy Schrauder waited their turn. "

Leo and Gretel Weiss traveled to Wegman's and Lois Sexton to Jack, the cobbler. Talk about traveling on a shoe string !!. Can't beat that! And no passport needed!... Betty Byerly went to Japan, and Peggy Taliaferro came back from Costa Rica so she could join the Cluster D gang.. Carol McCord, Bill Eddison, Sally Burbank, Bette Hollyday, Barbara Koppleman, Bruce and Beth Murdock, Ann Remington, the Rothmans, Carolyn Underwood, Bobbie Wolfe and Sally Crosby supervise the big time construction work going on out front.. blatin' and haulin'.. giant road makeover.. getting ready for Cluster WOW!!

Didja get a long look at the glass case this month? Hugh Stierhoff - Cluster D - loaned his collection of weights and measures and scales... most unusual and wonderful to look upon.. Thank you, Hugh.. How ja ever get started collecting those intriguing objects?

Jo Booze, minding her own business, is turning out wooden bowls and making spindles on the lathe, while Betty Douglas and Nancy Boyce do over furniture.. Giving those wood shop guys competition? John McShane, John Robbins, Dwight Hastings and Jonas Rappeport better watch out... .

Jonas Rappeport helps us understand some of these new movies, when he holds a short review...

Interesting what a psychiatrist can see that we'uns often miss... Too busy seeing the obvious?..

Don't know what or who the Spirit Committee is but they sure do put on a fancy party for us in the Main dining room.. They've already treated us to New Orleans, Mexican food, and a St Paddy's day spread with India coming along real soon... ..Merci buttercups and a toast to you... If only we could let the servers get in the act too.. all dressed up....Laura Waschler sported a wonderful red hat. . . she must be a member. ! "

Haven't told you about the latest play reading production, ..Anne and Charles Lee master-minded the evening and it was a winner!! Bobbie Dunlap, Mal Sherman, Dick Dunlop and Nancy Boyce would have made Wendy Wasserstein stand up and cheer, so we did it for her.. Then to top it off, Dick Hutzler, Dick Dunlop and Dave Rigotti played 3 men on a girder for laughs and fun. . . Dick Dunlop stepped in at the last minute in true Broadway tradition to fill two roles and a loud ovation for Dave.. - a star is born on his first appearance!! - and we sure do hope he does many more!! Loved it, and many thanks to all of you for being such good sports. Hey!! how about coming forth and doing an evening for us? It won't get done 'less you step up to the bat.. We have plenty of play books available, thanks to our no-longer-anonymous donor, Mal Sherman ... and Lynn Buck and Dot Gustafson are there to do the grunge work. Larry Galla does the mikes and you have the joy and fun of giving us all a lot of pleasure, as well as introducing us to the plays.. Tempted?. Call Eli Freedman...

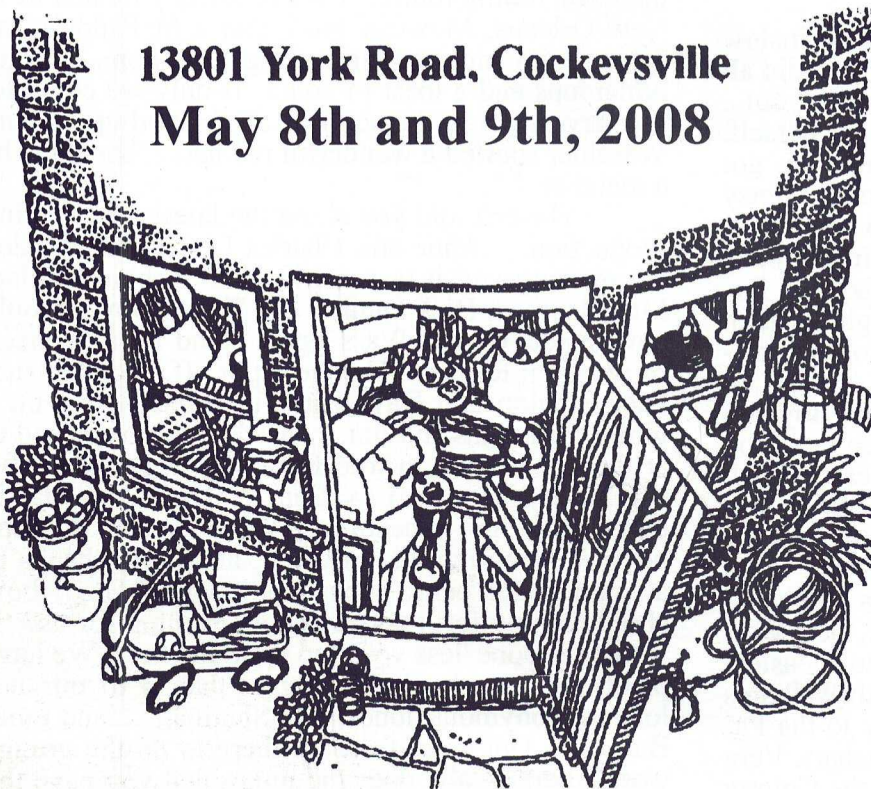
Margaret Proctor apologizes for her window box. It is a mess, but sparrows have nested there and no planting will take place until... until... If you want to see something worthwhile.. check out Alma Smith's patio and arbor.. great job Alma !!

Golly gee. Those 53 walkers in the exercise walk-a thon, have put in over 390,445 miles on the walk to China... Won't name all 53 and there may be more by the time you get this.. So check out the bulletin board ...they all deserve a huge round of applause for their faithful workouts with those power house gals, Jodie and Julie... .. Have you seen John Student's new Amigo? Man 0 man.. what a model! !.. got everything.. but not the kitchen stove.. left that to Bernard Queen and his crew... . . Colin MacLachlan has a new vehicle too... .hard to keep up with these gents...

Ellen Williams has a super program set up for Adventures in Learning.. Films set in four different cities.. with Dr.Peter Lev from Towson University He started with New York and goes on with Los Angeles, Baltimore and Paris. . . Really good stuff! ! Try it .. you'll like it .-no bus trips included, unfortunately.

Being out of the picture on the sabbatical, T'ain't easy to play catch-up. . . Maybe better next time ? Who knows. . . meanwhile had 'nuff?.

BROADMEAD BARN SALE



**13801 York Road, Cockeysville
May 8th and 9th, 2008**

Thursday, May 8th

7:30 to 8:30 a.m.

***Employees, Trustees
and Residents ONLY***

8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

OPEN TO ALL COMERS

Friday, May 9th

9:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

OPEN TO ALL COMERS

BAKE SHOP (Thursday only)

**MEN'S and WOMEN'S CLOTHES,
(In the Auditorium & Lounge)**

FLEA MARKET THIS 'n' THAT

CHINA KITCHEN WARES

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BOOKS LINENS

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